WEEKLY COURIER.

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CRUELTY TO FATHERS.

PROTECT the children, horses, dogs,
And don't neglect the donkeys;
Avenge the wrongs of petted frogs,
Maintain the rights of monkeys!
Prevent even cruelty to flies;
And then, just for variety,
Oh wise reformer! organize
Another new society.

When baby-shows are on the wane,
And fighting-cocks are parted,
And drivers all have grown humane,
And drovers tender-hearted;
When birds are safe and babies free
From all their needless bothers,
'Tis time to think, it seems to me,
Of cruelty to fathers.

Enlisted once as parents, we
Soon yield to the aggression
Of rosy-fisted Tyranny
And curly-haired Oppression.
All unawares upon us dart,
Without remorse or pity,
These small invaders of the heart,
These dimpled, gay banditti.

I cannot pass my door, but one
Is at my coat-tail tugging;
They're often up before the sun—
They wake me with their hugging.
No work is so important quite
As their delicious fooling;
At home, abroad, by day, by night,
They're at my heartstrings pulling.

When I sit lonely, sad or dumb,
They storm my Doubting Castle;
They rout my troubles; I become
Their unresisting vassal.
They witch my ears with countless charms,
A thousand artifices;
They bar, they chain me in their arms,
They rob me of my kisses.

No frowns repel their mad attack,
But these audacious friskers
Still climb my knee, and ride my back,
And tweak my hair and whiskers.
You'd see, if you should catch us then,
How little it has signified
That I, the most oppressed of men,
Was ever the most dignified!

Therefore, I humbly touch again
The point from which I started—
For drivers now are all humane,
And drovers tender-hearted;
You've freed the young and innocent
From all their needless bothers,
So now do something to prevent
This cruelty to fathers.
—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

AN EPISODE FROM A STAGE-BOX.

WE all of us know, or if we do not know, we have all of us heard of Sadler's Wells Theater, standing in regions very distant from the West End. But the great circles of iron have brought this mighty city into bounds, and it is possible nowadays to take one's pleasure or to attend to one's business half a dozen miles from home.

The great theater was full of hard-working, honest faces, people resting and forgetting their week's work, not lazy capitolines trying to while away an evening; the pit surged to the stalls, the galleries were broad, and filled with this good audience.

There were only about half a dozen boxes in all; I think four on either side. Two or three of these were tenanted by family parties who had come to see the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." In one of them sat a whole row of sociable, middle-aged, discursive people, evidently with many reminiscences of other Romeos and other Juliets, cheerfully discoursing while their heads nodded. In the next box was a silent party; in the front of the box sat a beautiful young woman, with her head leaning upon her hand. She was pale, dark-haired; a diamond star was flashing in her thick plaits, and a diamond was twinkling at her throat. She was dressed in black velvet. A little girl, in white muslin with lovely brown eyes, sat beside her; a middle-aged lady in a lace cap, and a bald gentleman, with a pair of opera-glasses, made up the party. They all looked on very intently, though they did not say much about it. The bald gentleman was Dick Willoughby, the well-known theatrical critic of the *Daily Harlequin.* He had brought his wife, and her beautiful friend Mrs. Baxter, and his little niece, to see the tragedy played.

Willoughby, whose profession some persons may envy, and who was actually paid for going to the theater, looked with a kind, grim sort of sympathy at his little niece, who sat, breathless, with her dark, curly head against the red curtain, wondering and absorbed, by this unknown spectacle, this sea of passion tossing before her toward some vast horizon undreamed of by little girls of fourteen, nowadays. She might have made a pretty study for a painter, had there been one present, and able to withdraw his eyes from the wonderful, the melodious, heart-rending history enacted that night.

The play begins. Gay Mercutio, in his glittering doublet, has said his say; the fiery Tybalt has breathed vengeance against the Montagues; old Capulet, in his satin doublet, has tried in vain to calm his furious kinsman, and then, lo! the scene changes.

The moonlight is streaming on the woods and gardens of Verona, on the terraces and heavy-scented flowers, on the balcony, where Juliet—dear, rebellious, tenderly generous Juliet—stands in her white robes. The light falls on the sweet face with its wistful story. Then comes Romeo very quickly; he stands at the foot of the balcony; the lady bends from above; the scene seems touched with some mystic rapture. "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite," says Juliet's tender voice; and then she vanishes, with a soft white flash, returning, lingering, dying away, like summer lightning. "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast," says Romeo, with all a true lover's tenderness.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" said little Margaret, clasping her hands in speechless sympathy.

"You are not the first to say oh! to all that, Peggy," answered Uncle Dick, kindly.

The scene in the friar's cell soon followed.

"Friar Lawrence is a first-rate conjuror to pull all those beautiful things out of that basket," said Willoughby to his wife. "Have you done with the glasses, Bell?" and he began looking in the direction of the opposite box, which had been empty till then. Some one had just come in, and sat down in a seat behind the curtain.

"It seems all so real, Aunt Bell," said little Margaret, in a whisper; "only *more* real than real things."

"His wonderful wealth of language must have something to do with it," said Willoughby, gently shutting up his glasses. "He calls in all nature and all English to his aid—eh, Mrs. Baxter, don't it strike you so?"

He was looking at her with an odd expression, as if he wanted to hear her voice, to guess what she was thinking of from what she said.

"I am like Margaret: I can only sympathize," said Mrs. Baxter. "I think it was very happy for Juliet that she died with her faith in Romeo unchanged;" this she added, not bitterly, but with a heavy sigh. Mrs. Willoughby hastily interposed with a "Hush! hush! Juliet is coming." She did not want her friend Felicia to dwell upon her troubles.

This is the fag-end of a story which all happened years ago, only a little bit got broken off, so to speak, and was fastened on again by chance on this particular night. The hero and heroine of my little history loved each other long ago, tenderly, passionately; then they quarreled, then they made it up, and were married; they had loving but jarring tempers; he was suspicious, poor, easily angered; she was impetuous, diffident, exacting, because she loved him and cared so much for him and for herself too, and because she cared so much for the quality of his love, and because she was jealous of some one far more suitable than herself. He was Colonel Baxter, a widower, when they were married; she had been an heiress, Felicia Marlowe by name. The young mistress of Harpington Hall had been left very young, very alone, very self-willed, to her own discretion and indiscretion, to her childish moods, to her make-shift life; she had been overpraised and overloved, perhaps, by the cousin from whom she inherited the old house which had been her home and the scene of her failure and success in life. She had been engaged to him nominally, but they both knew that even if he recovered they were lovers only in name. Felicia's heart had beaten its own measure, and ached to its own longing, although her future had been settled for her by others; then, when the time came, and she was free, and able to mold it to her heart's desire, she was, perhaps, disappointed by the result.

All this has been told elsewhere, but one odd phase of the story happened two nights ago, and I write it down as it was told me by some people who were present.

It was from Mrs. Willoughby I heard it all. She is a middle-aged woman who has known a good many people, and seen something of the world (which means seeing something more than people sitting in rows in it), and Felicia Baxter and she were old friends. Mrs. Willoughby had been at Felicia's wedding, and admired—as who would not admire—the lovely young bride and the stately bridegroom, little thinking of the dismal result of all this white satin, organ-straining, promising, vowing, bride-cake and congratulations. Everything seemed propitious. One of Felicia's former lovers was present in a dejected attitude, the friends who approved and the friends who disapproved were there, all equally smart. The Colonel's little daughter, a child of twelve, was there with the aunt and the cousin who had brought her up, and with whom she was to remain till the couple returned. They were to spend a month or two at Rome, and then come back. But though after a time they came back, little Lucy Baxter remained, by her father's wish, with the cousin for whom she had so great an affection.

When disagreements began between the Colonel and his wife, Colonel Baxter, who was a somewhat morbidly fastidious person, shrank from bringing his little Lucy from her peaceful home to witness the disturbance, and strange, almost inexplicable troubles of his new life. She was nearly thirteen. In a year or two she would be a woman. He was ashamed that the two women who had made his home there ten years and more should know of his present perplexities. He made one excuse and another to put off Lucy's coming, and Felicia guessed the reason, and felt a wild, miserable pang in her heart; self-reproach, acquiescence, bitter resentment, were all there in her foolish, passionate soul.

One day she said to him:

"You married me, but you never loved me. Why did you come to disturb me? What was there to prevent you from marrying some one else? If it was only my money you wanted, you might have had it all for the asking."

Baxter's face turned white.

"I can't forgive this," he said. "It is no use, Felicia; I must go away. You can't say anything to undo this. I have felt it all coming for some time past. You have insulted me, wounded me, humiliated me past my endurance."

"Oh, Jim! Jim! You would not have spoken to me so," sobbed Felicia, apostrophizing the dead cousin to whom she had been engaged.

"No; but I have not the forbearance that your cousin possessed; and though you broke his heart, you shall not ruin my life and my child's," said Colonel Baxter, in a cold, concentrated fury.

Felicia was frightened by his strange tone and strange looks; she came up and caught his hand.

"Leave me alone," he cried; "don't touch me."

She ran out of the room with a pale face and desperate eyes; spoiled, lonely, inexperienced, she was not likely to make allowance for another somewhat spoiled child. She did not distinguish between hot temper and coldness of heart. Perhaps Mrs. Willoughby might have done some good then, but Felicia rushed to a friend who happened to be staying in the house and who certainly made matters worse. They had been bad enough before.

"We are born to be slaves and playthings," said this lady, gloomily, with her foot on the fender. "Some women have spirits too high for mean surrender to circumstance; without such hearts to bleed for the cause of right and truth and liberty we should be brought low indeed. *You* are one of these," said Mrs. Bracey (that was the friend's name), suddenly turning full upon the quivering, pale, indignant lady of the house—"one of these generous martyred ones."

And so it happened that the two parted. Colonel Baxter made some excuse to somebody—the butler, I believe—and went away without seeing his wife again. Felicia, as usual, staid on alone at Harpington. How often had she turned some page in her short life's history, and begun again to live alone! She was, perhaps, more forlorn now than she had ever been. People did not know her story for certain, but they whispered it about, and looked at her pitifully. She kept away, and could not face them.

It was not till some weeks had passed that Mrs. Willoughby brought her up to London by main force.

"The poor little soul will go out of her mind if she is left to brood all by herself in that dismal old place. I hate that Colonel Baxter, Dick," said Mrs. Dick, emphatically.

"I saw him at the club the other day, looking uncommonly dismal," said Dick Willoughby. "Depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten it is the woman's fault when people quarrel. You can give in with grace, my dear; a man can't without making a fool of himself."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Willoughby, laughing; "you never appear to greater advantage than at such times, Dick."

But the scene change's to Sadler's Wells once more, where they are sitting in a row in their comfortable box, and watching the changing scenes. Mrs. Willoughby, who had taken up the glass, looked slowly round the theater, and paused for a moment, as her husband had done, upon the opposite box, but its occupant was hidden from view by the curtain. Mrs. Baxter did not look up or about; she sat listless, absorbed, listening; while a faint color rose, and then died away on her pale cheek.

Meanwhile people grew more and more interested; the storm of feeling upon the stage rises and engrosses the not unsympathetic audience; sorrow's knell is dinning; gallant Mercutio falls as bravely as he has lived; Romeo, driven to bay, is forced to revenge him: then comes the sentence and the passionate parting scene between the "hour's wife" and her banished lover.

Little Margaret began to cry outright; the tears dribbled down her blue ribbons. Felicia never moved; she seemed to turn pale, and more pale.

It was it this instant that Mrs. Willoughby, happening to look round, caught a sight of the occupant of the opposite box, who, forgetting his precautions, had leaned forward for a minute; then he withdrew almost immediately. That black, set face, that close-cropped military head—surely she could not be mistaken; she glanced at her friend anxiously, then she touched her husband's hand to attract his attention.

"Dick," she whispered, "do you see?"

"Yes; I saw him come in," said Dick, in a low voice. "Don't look; you might frighten him away."

Then the critic, who had to write his article however much other people were distracted, went back to his notes again. Little Margaret followed every word with rapt attention; to her the play was everything, and everything else nothing. Mrs. Baxter, too, seemed to have found some relief from the weight of her present troubles in Juliet's pathetic words; the color rose into her cheeks, her eyes brightened.

"Brava, Juliet," said Dick, when Juliet, after her great outcry of child-like terror, suddenly, nobly, calmly drains the sleeping-draught. Then came that last great scene where life and death seem struggling for a while, and the unseen and the present meet, and human beings fall helpless and prostrate before the awful doom of fate.

It was not till this last scene that the opposite curtain was pushed back, and that Colonel Baxter, seeing his wife's beautiful sad face leaning forward, leaned forward too.

Who was it spoke? Was it Shakespeare who spoke in faithful, ever-enduring words? was it Baxter? was it Felicia? "Oh, my love! my wife!" says Romeo.

Felicia looked up. Had some voice called? Perhaps she looked away because she could not face it all; but from across the great theater she met the steady look of her husband's eyes; the two saw each other. With a faint cry Felicia half rose, and half mechanically put out her arms, as Juliet had done; then she turned and caught at Mrs. Willoughby's outstretched hand.

"Did you see him? did you see?" she said.

"Oh, hush! listen!" cried little Margaret, bending forward.

"Come, I'll dispose of thee among a sisterhood of holy nuns," says the friar. "Stay not to question, for the watch is coming." "What's here—a cup closed in my true lover's hand?" sobs Juliet.

Margaret was crying; Mrs. Willoughby, rising up from her seat, was pulling fainting Felicia away from the front of the box. There was a rattle at the handle of the door; it opened wide, and Colonel Baxter walked in.

"Fay!" he cried—"Fay, forgive me; won't you forgive me?"

She gave a cry, a spring, and clung to him, close to his heart.

Little Margaret never forgot her first play. I think Colonel and Mrs. Baxter's domestic troubles seemed to her very tame compared to Mr. and Mrs. Montague's.

Dick afterward confessed to his wife that he expected something of the sort. "I was talking to my friend Mr. Fladgate at the club," he said, "and seeing Baxter at his elbow, I took care to tell Fladgate, in his hearing, that Mrs. Bateman had sent us a box for to-night, and that Felicia was to come with you. I wonder how long the peace will last," he said, with a doubtful look.

"They love each other, Dick," said Mrs. Willoughby; "and then people can afford to quarrel, can't they Dick?"

Dick laughed. "Yes, Bell," said he, "perhaps they can afford it, but it is an expensive amusement."—*Anne Thackery Ritchie.*

The Story of the Trojan Horse.

BUT nevertheless Troy was to remain impregnable so long as it retained the Palladium, which, as we have before said, had been given by Zeus to the founder of the city, Ilus. Ulysses, however, having disguised his person with miserable clothes and self-inflicted wounds, introduced himself into the city and found means to carry away the Palladium by stealth. He was recognized only by Helen, who concerted with him means for the capture of the town. A final stratagem was resorted to. At the suggestion of Athene, Epeius and Panopeus constructed a hollow wooden horse, capacious enough to contain one hundred men. In this horse the most eminent of the Greek heroes concealed themselves, while the whole Greek army, having burned their tents and pretended to give up the siege, sailed away with their ships, which they anchored behind Tenedos. Overjoyed to see themselves finally relieved, the Trojans issued from the city and wondered at the stupendous horse, on which was written that it was dedicated to Athene by the departing Greeks. They were not long at a loss what to do with it; and the anxious heroes from within heard their consultations, as well as the voice of Helen when she pronounced the name of each hero, counterfeiting the accent of his wife's voice. Some desired to bring it into the city and to dedicate it to the gods; others advised distrust at the enemy's legacy. Laocoon, the priest of Poseidon came with his two sons, and, in his indignation, thrust his spear against the horse. The sound revealed that the horse was hollow; but at the same moment Laocoon and one of his sons perished miserably, two monstrous serpents having been sent by Hero out of the sea to destroy them. The Trojans, terrified by this spectacle, and persuaded by the perfidious counsels of the traitor Sinon—who had been expressly left behind by the Greeks to give them false information—were induced to drag the fatal fabric into their city; and as the gate was not broad enough to admit it, they even made a breach in their own wall. Thus the horse was introduced into the Acropolis and placed in the Agora before Priam's Palace. But even now opinions were divided; many demanding that the horse should be cut in pieces, others advising that it should be dragged to the highest point of the Acropolis and thrown thence on the rocks below. The strongest party, however, insisted on its being dedicated to the gods as a token of gratitude for their deliverance.

After sunset the Greek fleet returned to the shore of the plain of Troy and awaited the preconcerted signal. While the Trojans indulged in riotous festivities Simon kindled the fire-signal and assisted the concealed heroes to open the secret door in the horse's belly, out of which they descended. The city was now assailed from within and without, and was completely sacked and destroyed, nearly the whole population being slain. Priam, who had vainly sought shelter at the altar of Zeus Herkeios, was killed by Neoptolemus. His son Deiphobus, who, after the death of his brother Paris, had become the husband of Helen, was attacked by Ulysses and Menelaus. He defended his house desperately, but was finally overcome and slain. Thus Menelaus at length won back his wife.—*Dr. Schliemann's Ilios.*

Conscience-Money.

A BALTIMORE dispatch says: For the the past three years, as sure as each recurring month of January rolls around, the Mayor or one of the other head officials of this municipality receives, under cover from some other city, but originally postmarked from Baltimore, over $1,000 in cash, conscience-money for taxes. As usual, a few days since, the envelope arrived, this time under cover from Boston. It was addressed in a bold round hand to "The Treasurer of Baltimore City." City Register John A. Robb broke the seal and found inclosed in a plain sheet of white note-paper $1,560 in three $500 bills, one $50 and one $10 note. On the paper was the inscription, "For one year's city and State taxes." For two years past the city detectives and tax-bailiffs have been endeavoring to find out who is the sender of the money.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

A LADY is at the head of the Tennessee State Library, Mrs. Hatton, and she and her daughter keep its twenty thousand volumes in useful order.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT talks thus about Hawthorne: "He was not well finished except his head. He was somewhat awkward and ungainly, but his head was grand and almost perfect. It was large, of Websterian shape; his eyes luminous and expressive, and his voice was magnificent."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is to start on his philosophical tour of the world in the spring of 1881. He will be accompanied by two secretaries, and it is not unlikely that his friend, Professor Huxley, will, for biological purposes, form one of the party. Mr. Spencer's work on the subject will, like his study on sociology, be published in installments in the magazines.

SOME of the sketches of "George Eliot" say that Mr. Herbert Spencer taught her several languages, but Mr. Lewes, in a note written three or four years since, said that when she first met Spencer he knew only one language while she was mistress of seven. Her earnings amounted to an average of $9,000 a year, which, for as great a genius, is not overwhelming.

LORD BEACONSFIELD sent a presentation copy of "Endymion" to the Queen, to which she devoted immediately the first mornings after her return from the Scottish highlands. The other ladies who received the distinction were Lady Chesterfield, who is a special friend of Lord Beaconsfield, and whose husband was an associate of his in his youth, and Lady Bradford, who is her sister. Lord Beaconsfield visits their country seats every season.

THE late Mrs. Grote, as a girl, was so strong and high spirited that she was called "the Empress." She rode without a saddle, and went out on the sea in a fishermen's boat alone with her sister. She made a kind of runaway match with the historian. After being engaged to him for two years she grew tired of waiting for her father's consent, and one March morning she slipped away to a neighboring church, got married without anyone knowing, and came back to breakfast as if nothing had happened.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN a grocer advertises every variety of "raisins" for sale, does he include derricks, pulleys, jack screws, yeast, rope and tackle and that sort of thing?—*Steubenville Herald.*

WE see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who won't whistle through his fingers and yell on the streets at night.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"THERE is no place like home," but nine men out of ten will leave it six months a year for a $2,000 Government office in Washington. And the tenth man will accept a $1,500 position.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE world is like a skating park, nice when you can slide smoothly over its surface, but cruel and cold to sit down on when you get your feet knocked from under you.—*Whitehall Times.*

A BALTIMORE philosopher says that no man can ever rise above that at which he aims. At the same time we have known a man to aim to be a Mississippi river steamboat captain, and rise above his position about one hundred and fifty feet. He was greatly esteemed by the company.—*New York Commercial.*

HOW IT WORKED.

There was a man in our town,
He was so wondrous wise;
He thought his business would run itself,
And he didn't advertise.

Well, business was dull at first,
But better times came, and it's queer,
One day with a rush he sold all his stuff,
But the sheriff was auctioneer.
—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

Getting It Out of Him.

THEY had just the loveliest sleighing in Philadelphia all last week, and young Keepitup was out enjoying it all one afternoon. When he drove into the stable, oh, but the man was mad. He roared when he looked at the horse and danced around, and as Uncle Remus says, "he cust, he did."

"Look at that hoss," he wailed, "look at that hoss! Ain't a dry hair on him an' he's nigh ready to drop. That's a pretty lookin' way to bring in a hoss. Nice man, you are, to let a good hoss to!"

Young Keepitup was fairly astonished. "Man alive!" he yelled, picturing his amazement in his voice, "and what did you expect when I hired him? When a horse is costing me an even five dollars an hour he's got to keep moving, you understand. When I'm paying out more than eight cents every minute, I can't afford to let no horse lean up against an ice-box while he figures out the oat crop of the United States for 1880. I did my level best to keep my whip arm warm, and then I couldn't get more than $4.25 an hour out of him. I didn't hire the horse to rest him. Now, if you had only charged fifteen cents an hour I would have the horse fed every thirty minutes while I was out, and I would have rocked him to sleep in my arms, wrapped him up in blankets and laid him in the sleigh and hauled him back to the stable myself. That is the difference, you see, Mr. Silkcracker. Here's your money, and I want the same horse or a better one next Saturday afternoon, if the snow holds on."

And he went away, while Mr. Silkcracker stood looking alternately at the money and the horse, thinking it all over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*